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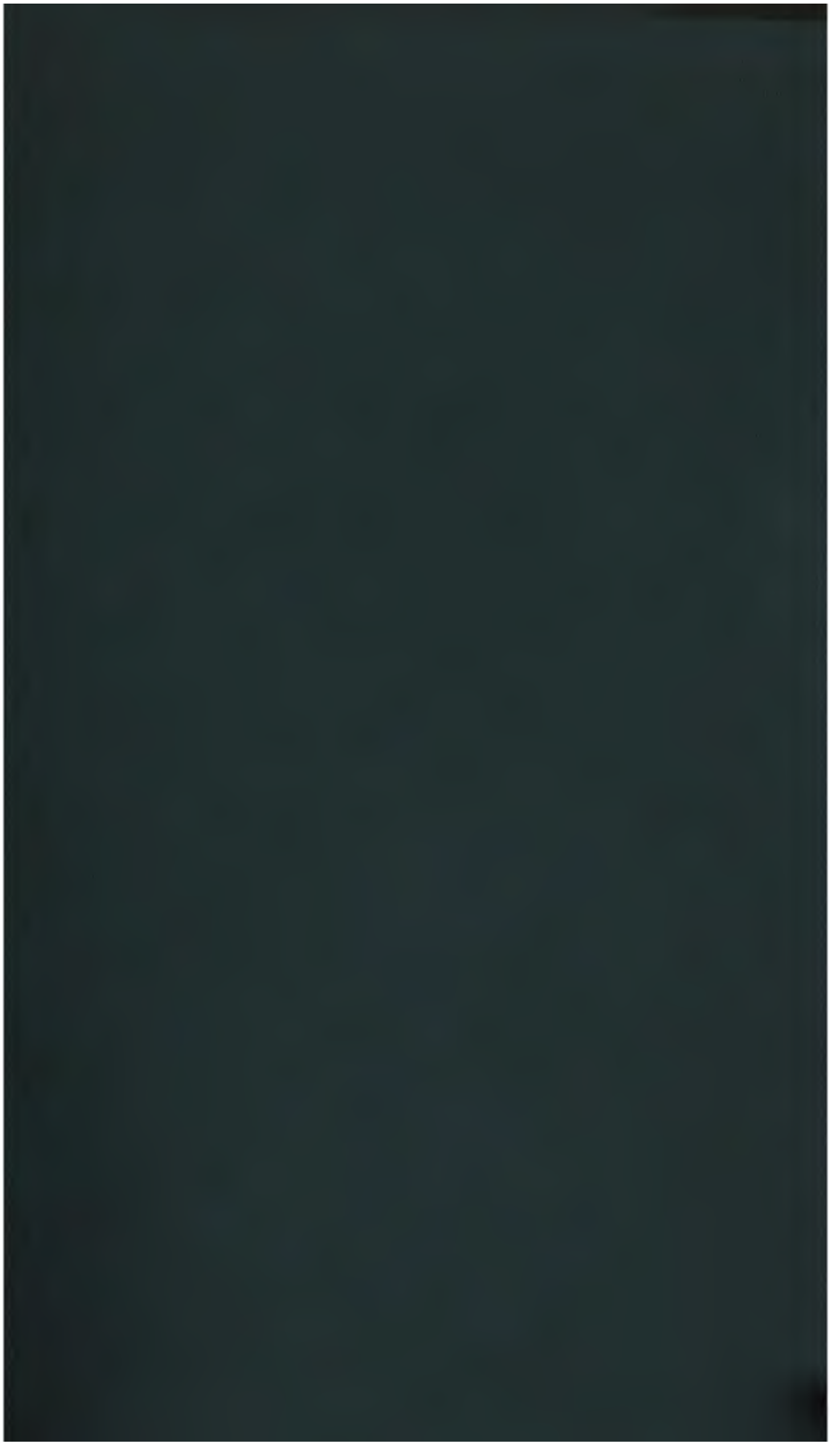

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FROM THE LIBRARY OF
PROF. T. POWEL, M. A.
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CARDIFF.

CARDIFF CASTLE.

A POEM.

CARDIFF CASTLE;

A POEM.

WITH

EXPLANATORY REMARKS

AND HISTORICAL EXTRACTS.

BY

TALIESIN WILLIAMS.

MERTHYR-TYDFIL:

PRINTED AND SOLD, FOR THE AUTHOR,
BY J. HOWELL, HIGH-STREET.

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PREFACE.

ABOUT one third of the following little piece was composed a few weeks before Christmas, and spoken by one of my pupils, at an annual Recitation, on the eve of the vacation. I fully intended to appropriate the short interval of repose then approaching to further researches on the subject, and the completion of the poem; but a deeply regretted event took place, that entirely subverted my views, and turned my promised pleasure to severe affliction. My highly gifted Father died just at the commencement of the period that I had awaited with far happier anticipations. "The Master-mind," whose intellectual energies had, entirely untutored, and in defiance of severe difficulties and discouragements, advanced to high literary attainments, became released from its mortal frame, and returned to the GREAT SOURCE of Genius; and the sad duty devolved on me of attending to "the house appointed for all living," a Parent, whose whole life constituted an undeviating example of moral rectitude; whose stern independence, and uncompromising integrity, were never once shaken by a long course of adverse circumstances; and whose retrospection of that course furnished his greatest consolation to the last; in short, whose principles and genius included all the requisites of the finely expressed triad,—"An eye that can see Nature, a heart that can feel Nature, and a resolution that dares follow Nature."

Should this little publication be deemed worthy of encouragement, I purpose directing my attention, in a similar manner, to the other castles that, in the general aggression, became the spoils of Norman rapacity.

MERTHYR-TYDFIL, July 28th, 1827.

CARDIFF CASTLE.

THE Norman long has ceas'd to sway
In fair Glamorgan's vale;
Fitzhamon's race have pass'd away,
Their deeds as transient as their day;
Whate'er their might, no minstrel lay
Perpetuates the tale;
But old tradition, thro' the land,
Still speaks of Rapine's fearful hand
That follow'd in their train;
Of exiled Right,—of rampant Wrong,—
And all the miseries that belong
To mad Ambition's reign.

It tells of ruthless deeds of blood,
Of devastation's sweeping flood;

Of native Chiefs, in honour's guise
Allured to treat,—ta'en, by surprise,
To dungeons, where the eye of light
Ne'er sent a ray to gleam their night;
Where every suffering keenly prest,
'Till midnight murder gave them rest.

It tells of yeoman's sufferings dire;—
His lands despoil'd, his house on fire;
His wife and children, outcast all,
With naught t'inwrap them, save the pall
Flung from the sky on snowy heath;—
And there they slept the sleep of death;
Unseen by all, save Him whose eye
Surveys the whole beneath the sky.

It tells, still tells, of treacherous guests,
Who sheath'd their swords in peaceful breasts;
And revell'd in their demon mirth,
With peasants slaughter'd on the hearth.

Yes, they are gone, who long opprest;
The lineage of the callous breast:
And, would ye find their tomb,
In vain ye seek their place of rest,—

Their long last home by bard unblest:
No statues high their pomp recall;
The lapse of years has levell'd all
Above the rayless room,
Where'er it be, that holds in trust,
'Till doom, the tyrant chieftains' dust.

Yes, they are gone,—their iron rod
Has crumbled with their bones;—the sod
That form'd their low, their narrow bed,
Was turned, perchance, by delving spade,
When Commerce, with her powerful hand,
Led on the work she well had plann'd;
And, hard by yon old Abbey wall,
Gave to its course her deep canal,
To bear Glamorgan's iron store
Triumphant to her southern shore.

The tourist, as he views the place,
Rebuilds the fane of other days,
And hears the White-Friars' vesper song
To Heaven's high King;—but ages long
Have held their course, and past away,
Since there the Priest was wont to pray:

Now Power reports a different creed:—
Such are the changes that succeed
Beneath the Sun; yet, still we see
Man claims infallibility.

Yon stately pile, whose ramparts frown
O'er Taff's impetuous wave,
Whose Keep, to ruin's grandeur grown,
All ivy-robed around, looks down
On Ratostabius' ancient town,
Like guardian sternly grave,
And, high on central mound, appears
Moulder'd beneath the tread of years,
Recalls, with warning voice, to mind
The transient might of humankind.

Yon stately pile, in ages past,
Has known the hostile trumpet's blast;
Destruction's every hue and form;—
The lengthen'd siege, th' impending storm:
Known each appalling deed of war;
The batter'd wall's tremendous jar,
Its masses thundering down;
The reeking breach,—an awful post,
In quick succession won and lost,

The phrensy of the sallying host,
In conflict desperate grown;
The drawbridge gain'd by deadliest foe;
The corse-encumber'd moat below,
Still fed by gushing wounds;
The onset at the outward gate,
Where Carnage reign'd in gory state,
And vengeance knew no bounds;
Where serf and chief of high renown,
Pinn'd by the barb'd portcullis down,
Convulsive drew their struggling breath,
And writh'd in all the pangs of death.

But sword, and spear, and bolt, and bar,
Avail'd not long to curb the war,
When Ivor, foe to pride's control,
Of stature small, of giant soul,
In Freedom's honour'd cause elate,
Assail'd and forced the ponderous gate;
Bore down the foe, and onward past
O'er warriors who had fought their last,
Had drawn their final breath;—
And well the Norman might discern
On banner fair, the motto stern,
"FEAR HIM WHO FEARS NOT DEATH."

No parley there,—brave Ivor's band,
With Einion's of the gory hand,
Rush'd to the charge, in dread career,
With blood-imbrued resistless spear:
In contact stern the shaft was shiver'd,
In many a breast the arrow quiver'd;
The battle axe's severing blow,
Laid Cambrian brave, and Norman low;
From keep, and tower, and rampart head,
The darts' unceasing volleys sped:
Still press'd the brave Silurian host;
The Norman still maintain'd his post.

'Tis said,—(such fearful tales belong
To Cambria's superstition strong)
That o'er the scene of wrath and woe,
A bird unearthly, to and fro,
Distilling blood, kept hovering,
Like Vulture of infernal wing;
While kindling eye, and awful croak,
Its soul-appalling joy bespoke.

None, none possess, except the free,
Th' elastic spring of liberty,

That fearless bounds, thro' battle strife,
To Death's repose, or Freedom's life.

The Norman vassals, long inured
To hard constraint,—scarce less immured,
Within the castle court,
Than those they held in bondage long,
In dreary cells, and fetters strong,
Of misery the sport,
Confess'd no impulse in the fight,
Beyond their gross corporeal might.

The Cambrians brave, who smil'd in death,
Were tenants of the hill and heath;
Of mountains wild, whose summits proud
Rose to the sky, and wore the cloud;—
Glowing with patriotic flame,
They, at the call of Ivor, came,
In Freedom's energies of soul,
To quell oppression's fell control:
And well they bore, with dauntless front,
The dire effects of battle brunt;
Nor bore in vain;—the dense array
That own'd Earl Robert's feudal sway,
By hope abandon'd, felt dismay.

They fled in cowardice of guilt;
While o'er their souls, in floods immense,
Billow'd the blood of innocence
Their wanton swords had often spilt.

They fled in wild disorder'd throngs,
While frantic swords of countless wrongs
Their fearful greeting gave:
Triumphant death the carnage eyed,
And marshall'd there, in victor pride,
The coward and the brave.
His victim bands, increasing fast,
In fearful silence sped,
As thro' his portal dark they past
To grace his levee dread.

When Ivor saw resistance o'er,
His soul of valour rag'd no more;
And truly brave, and greatly good,
To Mercy's dictates quell'd his mood,
And stay'd the waste of foemen's blood;
Reliev'd the land from tyrant power,
And bound Earl Robert in his tower;
Then sought the cells of deep dismay,
And gave their tenants to the day

Which longing memory cherish'd thro'
The bitter lapse of years of woe;
And cherish'd yet, by some, in sooth,
But as the dream of early youth:
Of youth to bold excursion given,
O'er breezy hills that look to Heaven;
Of youth exultant, free to rove
Thro' genial glade, and shady grove,
Where Nature's countless columns rise,
Gilt by the radiance of the skies;
Among whose boughs, in concert sweet,
Receding from the noontide heat,
The plumy choirs their notes prolong,
In melody of Nature's song.

Alas! that Man ordain'd to see
The earth and sky's variety,
Should e'er exchange, for prison gloom,
Such joyous scenes of light and bloom,
And pine, and die a mental death,
E're Nature drew the parting breath.

As pass'd the dungeon's victims by,
Ivor beheld, with pensive eye,

The feeble limb, the tottering tread;—
The wither'd living and the dead
Were numerous there, in sad array,
The trophies of the battle fray.

Bold manhood's vigorous frame he view'd,
By galling chains and gyves subdued
To premature decrepitude:
He view'd, and hail'd, in mercy's pride,
The house of bondage open'd wide.

'Tis Heaven's high law,—"Thou shalt not kill,"
Proclaim'd by voice Divine,—and ill
May Cambria's sons of song,
Descending from their pristine state,
Profane the muse to praise the great,
The great in blood and wrong.
But just the lay, and fair the meed,
That gives to fame the Patriot's deed;
And bright his deeds, while ages roll,
Brave Ivor of the giant soul;
Who drew his sword in freedom's cause,
Asserting Howel's liberal laws;

And, worthy of the work begun,
Who sheath'd it when the good was done.
Brave, justly brave, in whom we trace
The greatness of his manly race.
His ancient sire, with Arthur brave,
On Camlan field found gory grave:
Th' ensanguin'd field, whence no one came,
Save warriors three, of awful fame:
Dread Morvran of the demon face,
Sandde of angel form and grace,
And Glewlwyd of the mighty grasp;
Annihilation in his clasp.

Cardiff! thy towers of ancient date,
Have witness'd mortal's wayward fate;
Have been the scenes of wail and woe,
Alike to prince and peasant low.

That gateward tower, Oh! could it tell
Of all the miseries that befell
To royal Robert there;
Doom'd to its awful prison cell,
In anguish and despair:
Depriv'd of sight by cruel hand,
His sceptred brother's stern command,

And lost to Nature's page,
He wither'd on thro' manhood's prime,
And bow'd beneath the hand of time,
And found decrepit age;
An age consign'd to pain and grief,
'Till Heaven's kind mercy sent relief
To all his mortal throes;
Releas'd him from his prison cage,
And foil'd a cruel brother's rage,
And ended all his woes;
And, trust we, in his mercy's might,
Renew'd his life in heavenly light.

The muse with retrospective eye,
Thus long has dwelt on chiefs gone by;
Retraced the proud oppressor's ways,
And moralized on evil days;
Unveil'd the past, and brought to view
Dread Thraldom's course of deepest hue:
Still much must rest in kindred gloom,
'Till, cited from the dreary tomb,
And, placed in light, at Heaven's behest,
Appear th' oppressor and th' opprest;

To meet the doom, at the great day,
Of Him who surely will repay.

Hail, happier age! no despot brow
Demands the feudal homage now,
Within those castle walls:
The days of vassalage are o'er,
There bondage clanks the chain no more,
No warder bolts the prison door,
No cruel chief enthrals.
Fitzhamon's race have pass'd away,
And Cardiff's ancient towers obey
The high-born Stuart's generous sway.
In him fair Honour's graces shine:
The Stuart of the mighty line:
A line renown'd for ages long;
An ancient line whence kings have sprung,
To grace a regal throne:
Long be their course, from age to age,
Their praise the theme of Bard and Sage,
For virtues all their own.

END.

EXPLANATORY REMARKS AND HISTORICAL NOTICES.

ALTHOUGH the principal incidents of the foregoing verses are the storming of Cardiff castle, by Ivor Bach and his brave little band, in the time of its second Norman lord, Robert Earl of Gloucester, and the consequent temporary release of the dependent country from feudal vassalage, so abhorrent to its natives; yet I trust that a few brief Historical Anecdotes of earlier periods may neither be deemed wholly irrelevant nor unacceptable; especially as no History of Glamorgan has hitherto been published.

The most material authorities here quoted are,—the Chronicle of Caradoc of Llancarvan; the Writings and Collections of my late Father, Edward Williams; and the Accounts of the winning of the Lordship of Glamorgan, by Sir Edward Stradling, of St. Donats, and Sir Edward Mansel, of Margam. The authority of Caradoc is well sustained by the concurrent testimonies of the other ancient British writers; and his strict impartiality fully sanctions the high opinion entertained of his important labours. The turbulence and reciprocal cruelties of both the Welsh and Saxons (English) are fairly narrated: the atrocities and perfidy of Iestyn, and the villanous rapa-

cities of the Norman Knights, are viewed and recorded by him with the steady eye and hand of undeviating Truth. With regard to the information derived from my Father's papers, I leave the credit due to it in the protection of the numerous tributes of respect paid to his genius and knowledge, by writers of the highest authority. The accounts of Sir Edward Stradling, and Sir Edward Mansel, coincide with Caradoc in the most material points, but relate additional circumstances, and come down to much later periods.

CARDIFF.

The present town of Cardiff is said, by Caradoc of Llancarvan, (Myvyrian Archaiology of Wales, vol. II. p. 522), to have been built by Iestyn ab Gwrgan, Prince of Glamorgan, in the year 1080, after defeating Rhys ab Tewdwr, Prince of South Wales, who had made an irruption into his territory, and demolished the castle of Dinas Powys, Lantwit Major, and Dunraven. It is however evident that Iestyn only rebuilt it at that period, continuingthe ancient Welsh name, derived from its original founder, Aulus Didius. The following extracts convey my Father's opinion on the subject.

"The town of Cardiff was originally founded by Aulus Didius, called by the Welsh Didi Gawr, about A. D. 53, to curb the Silures, after their renowned Prince, Caractacus, who valiantly withstood all the powers of Rome for nine years, and was victorious over them in more than seventy battles, had been betrayed into the hands of the invaders, by Aragwedd Voeddig, called by the Romans Cartismandua, a Princess of the Brigantes. This town was for many years the seat of the successors of that immortal hero, Princes of Essyllwg (Siluria), which included the present Morganwg or Glamorgan. It was

called by the Britons, from its original founder, Caer Didi, corrupted by time into Caerdydd, Caerdyf, and Cardiff.

It seems to have fallen into decay, and to have been demolished in the Saxon wars, and rebuilt about the year 900.

The Romans called it Ratostabius, whence Roath, and Rhath, the English and Welsh names of a village in the immediate vicinity of the present town, are obviously derived. It was also called Iupupania; from which, possibly, Cwmiwbwb, the Welsh name of a place not far distant, is derived. Such was the importance attached to Cardiff, in former periods, that, according to some ancient British poets and historians, the county was, for awhile, named from it, Sir Gaerdydd (Cardiffshire).

Among the vestiges of antiquities still to be traced in the neighbourhood are, the Roman road in Pengam marshes; the Roman camp at Rumney bridge; the remains of another on the Heath, and Cardiff town walls, seemingly built on the fosse of a Roman bulwark. The Roman camps at Whitchurch and Caerau, and the foundations at Gwaun Troda, may also be included."—*Edward Williams.*

The period last mentioned is considerably prior to that given by Caradoc, and seems to rest on the authority of a Welsh manuscript, which states thus:—"A'r Morgan hwn oedd y cyntaf a wnaeth dref a chastell Caerdyf o fewn Caerau Didi Gawr, lle bu Dinas a losgwyd gan y Saeson yn amser Cadwaladr."

"And this Morgan (Morgan ab Hywel ab Rhys, king of Glamorgan, about the commencement of the tenth century) was the first that built the town and castle of Cardiff within the fortifications of Aulus Didius, where a town had been before, that was burnt by the Saxons, in the time of Cadwalader:" (about the latter end of the seventh cen-

tury). The strong probability is, that the town and castle built by Morgan were destroyed in the ravages, as stated by Caradoc, that ensued, and that Iestyn rebuilt them.

Among a variety of extracts from ancient historical manuscripts, a Welsh list of the castles of Glamorgan commences thus: "Castell y Ty Gwyn Caerdydd," &c. "The Castle of the White House, Cardiff, built by Owain ab Morgan, fell into the hands of Robert Fitzhamon; and Robert Earl of Gloucester took it down to construct Cardiff castle." The following notice of a place called Troeda Castle, situated probably on Gwaun Troda, is of a much earlier date:—"In the year 831, the Saxons came, unexpectedly, by night, and burnt the monastery of Senghenydd, which stood where the present castle (Caerphily) now is; thence they went to the castle of Troeda, and burnt it: they then escaped over the Severn with immense plunder." (Arch. p. 477). In the year 1111, Robert Earl of Gloucester encompassed Cardiff with a wall, and drew a river about the town and castle. (Arch. p. 541). Several accounts state that the castle built by Iestyn was taken down by Fitzhamon, and rebuilt by him and his successor in a much stronger manner.

THE CONQUEST OF GLAMORGAN BY THE NORMANS.

THE following is an abridged translation of Caradoc's account:—

About the year 1088, Cadivor ab Collwyn, Lord of Dimetia, died, and his sons, Llewelyn and Einion, and his brother, Einion ab Collwyn, induced Gruffydd ab Meredydd to take the field against Rhys ab Tewdwr, Prince of South Wales. A severe battle ensued, in which Gruffydd was vanquished, taken, and beheaded,

and Llewelyn and Einion, sons of Cadivor, slain: but Einion ab Collwyn, brother of Cadivor, fled to Iestyn ab Gwrgan, Prince of Glamorgan and Gwent, then at war with Rhys ab Tewdwr, and stated his case. This Einion had been an officer in the King of England's service, and had fought with him and his Knights in France and other countries, so that great friendship existed between them: Iestyn, aware of this, faithfully promised him his daughter in marriage, with the Lordship of Meisgyn (Miskin) for her dowery, if he would procure assistance from England against Rhys ab Tewdwr. Einion accordingly went to London, and engaged Robert Fitzhamon, cousin of the Red King (William Rufus) in the cause. Fitzhamon prevailed on twelve other worthy Knights to join him, and hastening to Glamorgan, united his forces with Iestyn's, and entered the territory of Rhys, killing and burning as he went: whereupon Rhys marched against them, and a sanguinary battle ensued, on a place called Hirwaen Wrgan, on the confines of Brecknockshire, in which Rhys was ultimately defeated, and, being pursued, was taken and beheaded at a place ever since called Penn Rhys. Gronwy, his son, was also beheaded; and another son, Cynan, being closely pursued, was drowned, with most of his men, in attempting to cross a lake called Cremlyn (near Swansea), since called Pwll Cynan. After the battle, Fitzhamon and his Knights mustered their forces on Twyn Colwynn (Colwynn's Down), where Iestyn paid them, to their perfect satisfaction, in sterling gold; whence the place has ever since been called The Golden Mile. They then departed for London, and Einion claimed the fulfilment of Iestyn's engagement, but he only laughed at him, saying that he would better dispose of his daughter than to bestow her on a traitor to King and Country. Einion, incensed to phrensy, hastened after Fitzhamon, and, relating the indignity he had received, described the

extraordinary fertility of the country, and the facility with which it might be conquered, Iestyn being so universally abhorred for his characteristic perfidy, that no Welsh Prince would assist him. Fitzhamon heard Einion with joy, returned gladly, and, being joined by the native Chiefs who detested Iestyn, a battle was fought on the Great Heath near Cardiff, where Iestyn was put to flight. (Arch. pp. 523, 524, 525).

"With Einion came also one Cedrych, son of Gwaithvoed, Lord of Cardigan; and they both joined their forces with Iestyn. Sir Robert Fitzhamon brought with him 12 knights, 24 esquires, and 3000 men; with this, Einion ab Collwyn brought 1000 men, and Cedrych ab Gwaithvoed 2000; and to this, Iestyn could only add 300 men, or a few more; for the Lords and Knights of his own country had refused him much aid." *Sir Edward Mansel.*

After the return of the Normans, this writer gives the following account; "Sir Robert, and Einion, and Cedryeh, joined their armies, and beset Cardiff, and burnt and tore it to the ground; and took to all the lands, and rights, and riches of Iestyn, and forced him to fly away. Now Sir Robert had so contrived the matter, as to allow the Welsh soldiers of Cedrych and Einion the right they claimed of fighting foremost in battle; and so more than half of them were killed, before the battle was over; and this gave Sir Robert, and his followers, to pick and chuse for themselves, in the parting of the country between themselves." *Sir Edward Mansel.*

The country, being thus reduced, was, in consequence, allotted in the following manner, according to the accounts of Sir Edward Stradling, and Sir Edward Mansel; with the exception of some ancient Welsh names, which are taken from Caradoc.

Sir Robert Fitzhamon appropriated to himself the castles, towns and lands appertaining, of Cardiff, Ken-

ffig, Cowbridge, and Llantwit Major, the manor of Boverton, and the Sovereignty of the whole country; and he gave to his twelve Knights, in reward of service, as follows:—

To Sir William de Londres, the castle and manor of Ogmore, with the manor of Corntown: four Knights' fees.—To Sir Richard Greenville, the castle, town, and lordship of Neath, with the manor of Monknash.—To Sir Pain Turberville, the castle and lordship of Coity, with the manors of Newcastle and Court Coleman.—To Sir Robert St. Quintine, the castle and lordship of Llanblethian, with the manor of Cantlinstone.—To Sir Richard Syward, the castle and lordship of Tal-y-Vann, with the manor of Merthyr Mawr.—To Sir Gilbert Humphreville, the castle and manor of Penmark, with the manor of Cwm Cidi: three Knights' fees,—To Sir Reginald de Sully, the castle and manor of Sully, with the manors of St. Andrews and Dinas Powys: two Knights' fees.—To Sir Roger Berkrolles, the castle and manor of St Athan (Llan Dathan) with the manor of Llanphe: one Knight's fee.—To Sir Peter le Soore, the castle and manor of Peterston super Ely, with the manor of St. Fagans: one Knight's fee.—To Sir John Fleming, the castle and manor of St. George (Llan Ufelwyn), with the manors of Gwaenvo, Leckwith, and part of Caerau: one Knight's fee.—To Sir Oliver St. John (Sir E. M.) Sir John St. John (Sir E. S.) the castle and manor of Fonmon (a Norman translation of the old Welsh name, Aberbernant), with the manors of Lancadle (Llan Cadell) and Porth Cerri: one Knight's fee.—To Sir William le Easterling, the castle and manor of St. Donats (Llanwerydd), with the manor of Colwinston, and also that of Lanmaes, both sides of Ely in St. Fagans: one Knight's fee.—Total, four Lordships members, and thirteen Knights' fees.

The following note is subjoined to Sir E. Stradling's account.

"Memorandum. That of the heirs male of the aforesaid twelve Knights, that came with Sir Robert Fitzhamon to the winning of Glamorgan, the lordship aforesaid, there is at this day (1572) but the Stradling alive that dwelleth in Wales, and enjoyeth the portion given in reward to his ancestors."

Caradoc says (Arch. p. 525) that the town of Cowbridge, attached to the lordship of Llanblethian, was given to Sir Robert St. Quintine, who, he further states, (p. 527), built a wall about it in the year 1091; and Dr. Malkin, in his highly interesting Scenery, Antiquities, and Biography, of South Wales, seems to concur in the opinion; but every account that I have seen, not derived from that venerable ancient historian, represents it as included in the royal demesnes of the Princes of Glamorgan; the whole of which, Fitzhamon appropriated to himself, as appertaining to the sovereign dignity he had acquired by conquest. This town is, by different Welsh writers, called Pontfaen, Pont y fuwch, and, Y Dref hir yn y Waen. The appellation "Tref freiniol," privileged, or free Town, given to it by Caradoc, seems to sanction the general statement.

Fitzhamon gave, also, lordships and manors, to the sons of Iestyn, and to the Welsh lords who aided him; but the Law of Might, the Magna Charta of all conquerors, is glaringly evident in the distribution. Among his confederate Norman depredators, he divided the luxuriantly fertile estates of the rich vale, while the native Princes and Chiefs, despoiled of their rightful patrimonies, had, with scarce an exception, their portions allotted to them in the rugged districts of the barren hills.

"To Caradoc, the eldest son of Iestyn, Sir Robert Fitzhamon gave the lordship of Avan, that is the lands be-

tween Neath and Avan. This Caradoc had his castle in the town of Aberavan, which he corporated a Burgher Town.—To Madoc, son of Iestyn, the lordship of Rhuthyn.—To Rhys, son of Iestyn, the lordship of Reeding (Rhidin), or Soflen, between Neath and Cremlyn.—To Howel, son of Iestyn, the castle and manor of Lantrythyd; which castle was demolished by Meredith ab Rhys ab Gruffydd ab Rhys ab Tewdwr, (about 1151).—To Einion ab Collwyn, he gave the lordship of Misgin (Miskin), with the castle and town of Lantrisaint.—To Einion, he also gave Nest, the daughter of Iestyn, to wife, and the above royalties for her dowage.—To Cedrych ab Gwaithvoed, King of Cardigan, he gave the lordship of Senghenydd, with two castles, which be upper Senghenydd, now called Morleis (Morlais) Castle, and lower Senghenydd, called now, Red Castle upon Tave: but Caerfilly Castle Sir Robert kept in his own hands; and it always remained in the possession of the lords of Glamorgan, as a strong hold of defence. He gave Bewper (Beaupré) to a great Welsh lord, whose name is torn out of my book of pedigrees." *Sir E. Mansel.*

Caradoc supplies the deficiency: "Robert ab Seisyllt had Maes Essyllt" (Fair Field), Arch. p. 526. Beaupré is a Norman translation of the Welsh name, Maes Essyllt.

Caradoc and Sir E. Stradling say, that Einion ab Collwyn had Senghenydd.

It may not be altogether uninteresting to know the following minor allotments.—

"To Simon Bonville, his chief steward, he (Fitzhamon) gave the manor of Bonvillestone.—Cornelly Waelod, he gave to one Love, one of his grangers.—To one Deere, one of his parkers, he gave lands in Lantwit.—To one Lales, his chief mason, who built Trelales, he gave lands at Langewydd.—To one Walters, he gave lands at Boverton, and at Corboil in Normandy, for holding the office

of Pomarian.—To Estecotte, his chief provider of wood and coal; Lugge, his chief messenger; Punter, his overseer of the bridges in Glamorgan, and to others, he gave lands and estates to hold by worshipful service. *Sir E. Mansel.*

The perpetual discords and intestine wars of the Welsh Princes, proved fatal to their country as an independent nation. The weaker side, to retrieve disasters, frequently sought the assistance of foreign powers, who invariably terminated such contests in the subversion of both parties, and the establishment of their own supreme government. The dear-bought experience of ages, should, at last, have taught a lesson of wisdom; but ambition is as blind to prudence as to humanity; its demon maxim, faithful to its origin, being, "Better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven." Had the ancient regal power, like the present, been centred in one sovereign, the Britons would have been invincible; but the endless jealousies, vindictive animosities, and aspiring views, of their numerous native Princes, perpetually involved the country in dissensions, and internal hostilities, that laid it open to successful invasions, and placed its sceptre in foreign hands; verifying the irrevocable doom of a house divided against itself. Such were the causes, rather than the Roman arms, that ultimately reduced Caractacus; through such, Arthur fell, and the Saxons eventually established their sway; and it was through such, also, that Rhys ab Tewdwr was vanquished, and put to death at the advanced age of 91, and that Iestyn became a destitute, disguised wanderer in his native land and former dominion, and was reduced, at last, to seek the charity and refuge of a monastery, where, according to Sir E. Mansel, he ended a life of extraordinary duration, wholly unknown, until just at the period of his death, aged 129.

Fitzhamon's race have pass'd away.—P. 9.

In the year 1110, Robert Fitzhamon died at his castle of Tewkesbury, of raving madness; whereupon the King (Henry the first) gave his (Fitzhamon's) daughter to his natural son, Robert, by Nest the daughter of Rhys ab Tewdwr. (Arch. p. 540). Fitzhamon exercised his usurped authority no more than twelve years; and that period, according to a variety of old testimonies, was imbittered by the perpetual hostilities of the natives, in their numerous attempts to recover their estates, authority, and ancient laws. It is said, by Sir E. Mansel, that he gave lands in Corboil, in France, to a great many Welsh lords and gentlemen, in exchange for their estates in Glamorgan, with a view to get rid of them peaceably.

Some accounts say that Fitzhamon's madness arose from a violent blow on his head, which a Welshman, whom he had haughtily insulted, gave him, while walking out unattended. Sir E. Mansel attributes the blow to Sir Pain Turberville. See note p. 36.

The aforesaid Robert, King Henry's natural son, was, on his marriage, created Earl of Gloucester. He had a son named William, who succeeded to his estates and royalties, but died without male issue. The lordship of Glamorgan descended, afterwards, by intermarriages, according to Sir E. Stradling, to the Earls de Clare; Lords de Spencer; Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick; Ralph Neville, Earl of Westmoreland; Richard Neville, Earl of Salisbury; and to Richard Duke of Gloucester, who became King of England. The estates, subsequently, passed, by grant and purchase, to different families.

The present proprietor of the castle is, the Most Noble the Marquis of Bute, who resides in it. He is Lord of the Manor, and Patron of the Borough; and possesses a

considerable portion of the ancient royal demesnes of the Princes of Glamorgan.

It tells of yeoman's sufferings dire.—P. 10.

"When we view the old castles of Glamorgan, which are among the largest in the kingdom, in their present happily dilapidated state, and connect their appearances with what we know, from history, they were in past ages, the strong holds of feudal tyranny, the nests of banditti, that sallied forth in the depths of night, and going into the territories of the Lords of neighbouring castles, drove off all the cattle, carried off all the corn, and whatever else suited their occasions of rapine and plunder, we rejoice to see how much in the dust these dens of thieves now are. These castles, were all, or most of them, in full preservation in the days of Henry the 8th; and we have several manuscript accounts of the manners and immoralities of that period; and the pictures, as drawn in some of those records, are dreadful in the extreme. See Dr. R. Davies's preface to the first translation of the New Testament, in Welsh, and the poems of many of the Bards of that and the preceding ages. The perpetual feuds and wars, carried on by the Lord of one castle, with his coerced tenants or vassals, against the Lords of other castles, and their vassals; the depredations, murders, ambushes, assassinations, robberies, &c. that continually kept the country in a ferment of infernality, are horribly painful to civilized minds." *Edward Williams.*

And hard by yon old Abbey wall
Gave to its course her deep canal.—P. 11.

On the north-eastern side of the town of Cardiff, are to be seen the ruins of a Priory of Carmelites, or White Friars, between which, and the eastern part of the castle fortifications, the Glamorganshire canal passes. It is

supposed, in the above couplet, to go through the former sepulchral ground of the Priory.

Several exceptions may be made to the line,

In vain ye seek their place of rest,

the burying places of some of the Lords alluded to being recorded in history.

Whose Keep, to ruin's grandeur grown.—P. 12.

The ancient Keep of the castle stands nearly in the middle of the castle court, raised on a high artificial mound. It is covered with ivy, and has a very venerable appearance.

Known each appalling deed of war,
The batter'd wall's tremendous jar.—P. 12.

Independent of the injury the castle sustained, when taken by Fitzhamon, it experienced some furious assaults in the course of a few years after.

"In the year 1094, the French marched their legions to Gower, Kidwely, and Ystrad Tywy; and laid waste those countries. While they were there, the men of Glamorgan and Gwaen Llwg (Wentloog) rose in a body, demolished the castles of the French, and slew nearly the whole of their men. They were led by Pain Turberville, Lord of Coity, who would not possess lands, except in the right of his wife, Assar, heiress of Meurig ab Gryffydd ab Iestyn. Turberville proceeded to Cardiff, and began to demolish the castle: Fitzhamon, seeing this, demanded the cause, and Pain Turberville replied, that the Welsh insisted on the restoration of their ancient rights and customs, with the laws of Hywel Dda (Howel the Good); and also the restoration of their lands, in free tenure. Fitzhamon, seeing so great a host, thought it best to comply." (Arch. pp. 528, 529).

Sir E. Mansel relates the circumstance to a greater extent. "And he (Turberville) broke into the castle, and Sir Robert was struck by him on the head, with his fist, till he was taken for dead; and he never had his right senses afterwards; and it did cause madness at last, of which he died." *Sir E. Mansel.*

When Ivor, foe to pride's control.—P. 13.

"This Robert (Robert, Earl of Gloucester, on his accession to the Lordship, at the decease of Fitzhamon) attempted to enforce the laws of the King on Glamorgan. When this became known, Ivor ab Cadivor, called Ivor Bach (Ivor the Little), put himself at the head of the Welsh, and rushing on Cardiff castle, stormed it at once, and seized on Robert and his wife, whom he shut in prison until the Welsh were restored to their privileges and laws, as in the time of Howel the Good. The King and Robert granted and ratified these conditions; whereupon, Ivor and his men made peace with them, and returned, every one to his home and occupation." (Arch p. 540).

"Ivor Bach ab Cadivor, who forced Fitzhamon and his Norman Knights to restore to the natives of Glamorgan their ancient laws and privileges, was Lord of upper Senghenydd, and lived at Morlais castle, in the parish of Merthyr Tydfil. He built Castell Coch (Red Castle) to command the pass of Tavedale, where, it is said, he stationed a garrison of two hundred men. His whole military force amounted to twelve hundred men; on whose courage and skill in arms, he implicitly relied. He would frequently say, that he had twelve hundred men that would beat the best twelve thousand in the world."—*Edward Williams, in his remarks on Camden's account of Glamorgan.*

Sir E. Mansel corroborates the above authorities, and states, that Ivor, whom he terms, "A bold man, of great

courage, and very valorous," took possession of all the castles and demesnes of the Supreme Lord, until the terms demanded were complied with.

FEAR HIM WHO FEARS NOT DEATH.—P. 13.

Gwaithvoed, Lord of Cibwyr and Cardigan, lived in the time of Edgar King of England. This Edgar summoned all the Welsh Princes to Chester, to row him, in his royal barge, on the river Dee. Gwaithvoed said that he could not row, and that he would not if he could, except to save a person's life, whether king or vassal. Edgar sent a second, and very imperious message, which Gwaithvoed did not seem at all to notice, until the messenger begged to know what reply he should deliver to the king; when Gwaithvoed answered thus:—"Say to him,—Fear him who fears not death," (Ofner na ofno angau). When the stern reply was reported to Edgar, he, discovering the fearless unbendable character he had to contend with, prudently changed his autocratic decree into a desire of mutual friendship; and going to Gwaithvoed, gave him his hand in pledge of his sincerity. Gwaithvoed and his descendants adopted, thenceforth, the maxim as a family motto. *Translated from Edward Williams's Welsh collection of historical documents.* Ivor, being the great grandson of Gwaithvoed, bore the motto.

His ancient sire, with Arthur brave,
On Camlan field found gory grave.—P. 19.

"The renowned Arthur, according to the Liber Landavensis, was a native of Cardiff, and son of Meirig ab Tewdrig, Prince, or King, as he is there stiled, of Glamorgan." *E. Williams.* He was, on account of his consummate military skill, and transcendent bravery, elected, about the year 517, to the command of the confederate armies of the British states, with sovereign

authority, to enable him, more effectually, to repel the Saxons. His career was brilliantly successful, for a long time, until the defection of Medrod, who joined the Saxons. In consequence of that event, the battle of Camlan, now Camelford, in Cornwall, was fought, in which both armies, except three men, were annihilated, according to the following singular triad. *See the Triads of the Island of Britain.* (Arch. p. 70).

"Three men escaped from the battle of Camlan,—Morvran son of Tegid, who was so horridly ugly that all thought him a Devil from Hell, and fled from him;—Sandde of angel form, who was so beautiful, and of such benign countenance, that no one would lift a hand against him, supposing him to be an Angel from Heaven;—and Glewlwyd Gafaelfawr (Grey-grim of mighty grasp), who was of such gigantic size and strength, that no one could withstand him, but all fled from his sight;—and excepting these three, none escaped from the battle of Camlan." *E. Williams's translation.*

Of all the miseries that befel
To Royal Robert there.—P. 19.

It is an undoubted fact that Robert Curthose, Duke of Normandy, endured, in Cardiff castle, a long period of imprisonment, which continued to his death; but the prevailing traditional opinion, strengthened by some published authorities, that he had his eyes put out, by the command of his cruel brother, Henry the first, is not equally authenticated. Caradoc mentions his imprisonment and death; and Hume states thus,—"That unfortunate Prince (Robert) was detained in custody, during the remainder of his life, which was no less than twenty-eight years: and he died in the castle of Cardiff, Glamorganshire." These historians make no mention whatever of his blindness. Drayton, in his Legend of

Robert Duke of Normandy, decidedly mentions his blindness, attributing the villanous deed that produced it to his brother King Henry; asserting,

> "——That he robb'd Duke Robert of his sight,
> To turn his little piece of day to night"

My Father, in his notes to Camden, says,—"Ivor Bach, it is said, insisted on a liberty of twelve miles round the town of Cardiff for Robert Curthose; on which he was released from his close confinement, and suffered to go at large, within the limits given here:" A wretched dungeon, part of the tower at the principal entrance, is shown as the place of his incarceration.

The following Welsh poem, which I have translated, is attributed, as its preface denotes, to Robert. Its peculiarity and metre certainly appertain to an early age; and it is quite in the dialect and idiom of Glamorgan.

"Pan oedd Rhobert, Tywysog Norddmandi, yng nghar-char yng nghastell Caerdydd, gan Robert ab Ammon, medru a wnaeth ar yr Iaith Gymraeg; ac o weled y Beirdd Cymreig yno, ar y Gwyliau, efe a'u ceris, ag a aeth yn Fardd; a llyma Englynion a gant efe.

1 Dar a dyfwys ar y clawdd,
Gwedi Gwaedffreu, gwedi ffrawdd;—
Gwae wrth win ymtrin ymtrawdd!

2 Dar a dyfwys ar y glas,
Gwedi gwaedffreu gwyr a las:—
Gwae wr wrth y bo a'i cas!

3 Dar a dyfwys ar y tonn,
Gwedi gwaedffreu a briw bronn;—
Gwae wr wrth ei gaseion!

4 Dar a dyfwys ym meillion,
A chan a'i briw ni bu gronn;—
Gwae a gar gwydd ymryson!

5 Dar a dyfwys ar dir penn
Gallt, ger ymdonn mor Havren;—
Gwae wr na bai digon hen!

6 Dar a dyfwys yngwynneu,
A thwrf, a thrin, a thrangau;—
Gwae a wyl na bo angau!"

When Robert, Duke of Normandy, was imprisoned in Cardiff castle, by Robert Fitzhamon, he acquired a knowledge of the Welsh language; and seeing the Welsh Bards there, on the festivals, he grew partial to them, and became a Bard; and these are the stanzas that he composed.—

1 Oak that grew on battle mound,
Where crimson torrents drench'd the ground;—
Woe waits the maddening broils where sparkling wine goes round.

2 Oak that grew on verdant plain,
Where gush'd the blood of warriors slain;—
The wretch in hatred's grasp may well of woes complain!

3 Oak that grew in verdure strong,
After bloodshed's direful wrong;—
Woe waits the wretch who sits the sons of strife among!

4 Oak that grew on greensward bourn,
Its once fair branches tempest torn;—
Whom envy's hate pursues shall long in anguish mourn!

5 Oak that grew on woodcliff high,
Where Severn's waves to winds reply;—
Woe waits the wretch whose years tell not that death is nigh.

6 Oak that grew through years of woes,
Mid battle broil's unequall'd throes;—
Forlorn is he who prays that death his life may close!

THE END.

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